



LET THIS BE HEAVEN

—H. R. MERRILL

Oh, God, let this be heaven—
I do not ask for golden streets
Or long for jasper walls,
Nor do I sigh for pearly shores
Where twilight never falls;
Just leave me here beside these peaks,
In this rough western land,
I love this dear old world of Thine—
Dear God, You understand.

Oh, God, let this be heaven—
I do not crave white, stainless robes,
I'll keep these marked by toil;
Instead of straight and narrow walks
I love trails soft with soil;
I have been healed by crystal streams,
But these from snow-crowned peaks
Where dawn burns incense to the day
And paints the sky in streaks.

Dear God, let this be heaven—
I do not ask for angel wings—
Just leave that old peak there
And let me climb 'till comes the night—
I want no golden stair.
Then, when I say my last adieu
And all farewells are given
Just leave my spirit here somewhere—
Oh, God, let this be heaven!

Great White Throne, Zion National Park, Utah, 2447 feet above floor of canyon, ten times as high as Walker Bank Building in Salt Lake City, and nearly twice as high as the tallest structure in the world, the Empire State Building, in New York City.

GENUINE CURTEICH-CHICAGO "C.T. ART-COLORTONE" POST CARD (REG. U.S. PAT.OFF.)

YOU ARE INVITED TO ATTEND
UTAH'S CENTENNIAL IN 1947

PLACE
ONE CENT
STAMP
HERE

7A-H3660

POST CARD